

TWELVE DEAD IN FIRE STARTED BY INCENDIARY

Barrels of Oil Soaked Paper
Piled Under Stairs of Big
Tenement House.

TWO DIE IN HOSPITALS.

Mother Loses Life for Her
Child, Man Loses His
for Money.

Twelve lives were snuffed out by an incendiary's torch in the big tenement building at No. 114 Mulberry street at 1 A. M. to-day. Several others were severely injured, one of whom is dying. The fire was in the heart of the Calabrian section of New York, and it is the opinion of the police that it was the work of Black Hand agents. It is believed some man or woman in the tenement had offended the murderous society, and that to end his or her life the lives of others were destroyed.

The ground floor of the tenement was occupied by Carmine De La Vecchia's dry goods store. He and his wife occupy rooms in the rear of the store.

About 1 o'clock De La Vecchia and his wife were having coffee in their rooms when they saw a man enter the hall from the street. The man looked carefully about the hall and located the stairs. The hall is broad and runs through to a court which connects with a rear tenement which faces at No. 110 Bayard street. The barrels are supposed to have been filled with paper and soaked with oil.

None Questioned Him.

On the street were Charles Lempiello, of No. 123 Mulberry street, and Charles Presa, of No. 234 West Fifteenth street, Coney Island. The two men saw the mysterious man move the barrels from the street and marvelled at his midnight activity. But they did not disturb the man.

Suddenly the man dashed out of the hall.

The next instant Lempiello and Presa saw flames shooting up in the hall, which was entirely of wood. The two men rushed in and found half a dozen barrels under the steps blazing. Flames had already spread themselves against walls and ceiling and were climbing up the stairs.

The men yelled "Fire!" and attempted to hurl the barrels into the street, but the flames drove them back. Then they ran outside and mounted the fire-escapes.

The tenants awoke at the first fire cry and began crowding the escapes from the fourth and top floors down to the second. Several women in their frenzy dropped their babies to the two men on the escape, and the latter passed them down to men on the sidewalk.

So great was the excitement that a call for the engines was forgotten, but men began firing off their revolvers from the windows.

When the engines did arrive crowds banked the streets. Men and women in all stages of dress and undress were running about screaming, and every tenement in the neighborhood was emptied. The smoke was intense and the heat so great that those on the fire-escapes were blistered.

Went Back for Money.

One of the first persons to get out of the burning house was Pietro Magliacchi. He came down the rear fire-escape and leaped to the yard. Then he remembered he had left his money behind, and back he went up the escape, fighting his way through the crowds until he reached the third floor. A few minutes later a man abashed himself from the third floor window. He was taken to Hudson Street Hospital. He had been so badly burned that no one recognized him, but it was he Magliacchi.

Gave Life for Child.

About the same time Mrs. Schettino appeared at the front window with her little daughter, Amelia, in her arms. The mother and child were both on fire, but the mother smothered the flames in the child's clothes with her hands and then dropped the little one to a man on the fire-escape.

Back she then went for her other daughter, Christina. Mother and daughter were found later burned to a crisp. The fire was put out after a loss of about \$5,000. Many of the tenants were taken to the Elizabeth street station, where clothes were provided for the

How Teddy Bear Jr.
Beat Teddy Bear Sr.



Pa Teddy Bear set out last week to climb a nearby mountain peak; His little son said: "I can climb higher than you can any time."

The bet was made and then the son in the World advertisement run, through which he climbed into a place so high he easily won the race.

There are put few salaried positions so high that a world "WIT, WAGON" CAN FIND THEM

Electricity Taking Housemaid's Place as Science Solves Domestic Problem



MILKING BY ELECTRICITY IS A GREAT IMPROVEMENT OVER THE OLD METHOD (SO THEY SAY)

THE NEW ELECTRIC SELF-ROCKING CRADLE WILL GIVE FATHER A CHANCE TO GET TO THE OFFICE ON TIME NEXT DAY. (SO SAYS THE CRADLE MAN)

THE NEW ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR IS SAID TO WORK TO PERFECTION (ACCORDING TO THE REFRIGERATOR MAN)

In the Home of the Future the Wife Will Touch
a Button Instead of Depending
on Servants.

By Rose C. Tillotson.



ROSE TILLOTSON

There is a glowing picture of domestic bliss for every housewife in the Electrical Show, now being held at Madison Square Garden. Just think of a happy home without the employment of a servant and the

haughty housemaid, where beneficent science steps in and does the work with volts and amperes and harmless wires that don't demand one evening and two afternoons off every week, have no objection to Flatbush or the country, and won't fly into tantrums and leave on a moment's notice with dinner uncooked and company expected!

No longer may matrimony be considered a sort of sacrifice, but a salient satisfaction, now that the drudgery of housekeeping has been electrically eliminated. Domesticity becomes a veritable dynamo dream of delight when practised on the press-a-button-and-let-electricity-do-the-rest plan, which I saw working wonders in the electrically equipped apartment at this interesting exhibition.

When the gentle pastime of kites-flying electrified the universe little did Benjamin Franklin dream that his discovery eventually would be used for the emancipation of woman, but now that matrimony, too, has at last been freed from the countless connubial cares of the helpless housekeeper are simply switched off by the aid of a spark.

The Model Home of 1908.

But let me tell you all about the model home I saw and I'll wager that this word to wives will be sufficient to make them manage matrimony along electrical lines.

In the morning instead of getting up in the cold, gray dawn, as you are wont to do, just press a button on the footboard of the bed and set the warming-pan sizzling. When toasted to a comfortable temperature, you jump into an electrically heated bath, or if you prefer a cold tub, electrically frozen waters await you.

Refreshed and dressed in electrically laundered clothes, which had been washed by pressing a button, wring the aid of an iron with an electrical attachment, you prepare for an electrical massage guaranteed to eradicate wrinkles. With your skin ironed out you next proceed to iron wrinkles into your hair, aided by the electrical curling apparatus.

But by this time baby (if you happen to have one) is crying in the next room, and with electricity to run to his rescue, she had turned Mrs. Ladouce away from the place. She added, however, that the young woman was not in need of funds and that she had told her of expecting a check for several hundred dollars from Newport within the next few days.

Unless she suffers a relapse Mrs. Ladouce was probably able to leave the hospital in a day or two, a charge of attempted suicide has been made against her.

The young woman came to this country last year. It was said she tried to end her life soon after her arrival here.

push a button and the power that rules your roost will rock the cradle as well, while an electrically heated hot water heater relieves the pains in his "tummy." If it is feeding time just push a button and milk, which has come from a dairy where the cows are milked electrically, stands heated to the desired degree in its own little apparatus.

No Need of a Servant.

In the mean time you enter the kitchen and prepare for the coming meal. Have you a servant? No? Do you want one? No; for the servant problem has been satisfactorily solved and the reign of the haughty cook lady is now a thing of the past.

In the mean time you enter the kitchen and prepare for the coming meal. Have you a servant? No? Do you want one? No; for the servant problem has been satisfactorily solved and the reign of the haughty cook lady is now a thing of the past.

In half an hour an electrical sweeper and duster make the domestic duties an unrecognizable joy and the rest of the morning is free for shopping or other pleasures. Some friends drop in to luncheon, consternation does not ensue, for an electric chafin dish is called into use while tall fashioners are discussed. It's baking day, cake and bread, better than mother's bread, is made by pressing a button and then using the electric stove. The electric ice box comes in for inspection, where food is kept cool, but not damp, as is the case where using ice.

With time on your hands you turn to the electric sewing machine, and by merely guiding the needle you sew without any exertion. After dinner an electric piano plays music at the touch of a button, and when you retire the bed is warmed to the desired degree. With the electrical current turned off the night you sail away to the land of nod, when—bang!—the electrical alarm announces that burglars have broken in.

And there are lots of other things that electricity can do, but if you want to see them go up to the Electrical Show yourself.

REGISTER TO-DAY!
If you don't register you can't vote!

PLEDGE STATES FOR TAFT.

Gov. J. Franklin Fort, of New Jersey, was at Republican national headquarters to-day, and said:

"Judge Taft will get at least 40,000 plurality in New Jersey. Personally, I believe his vote will equal the whole plurality for Roosevelt four years ago."

Senator Simon Guggenheim, of Colorado, who was present, added: "Taft will receive at least 10,000 plurality in Colorado."

Chairman Hitchcock said: "I don't know whether or not President Roosevelt will make speeches for Judge Taft."

SHE GIVES UP "APPLE."

After a brief experience with him, Gertrude decided that she did not like her "apple of fortune," and to-day Justice Giegerich signed a divorce decree in her favor and against Fortun de la Pomme, to whom she was married Feb. 17 last.

Time proves all things.

Grape-Nuts

food holds its place at the head of the list.

"There's a Reason"

CHAUFFEUR JUST
OUT OF ONE TAIL
SENT TO ANOTHER

Five Days in Workhouse, 30
Days in Tombs, and Staples
May Be Indicted.

Despite his plea that if he were sent to jail the county would have to support his wife and children, Charles Staples, a reckless chauffeur, was sentenced to thirty days in the Tombs to-day in the Court of Special Sessions. And this is not the end of his troubles, for the Grand Jury is investigating a charge of "felony" against him, lodged against him by Lieut. Eugene Casey, of the Bicycle Squad.

Staples lives at No. 211 West Forty-eighth street and says he was employed as chauffeur by a member of the Bush family, of Brooklyn. He was arrested and fined \$20 last June for exceeding the speed limit in a big motor car and warned that he would be severely dealt with for his second offense.

Late on the night of Sept. 25 Lieut. Casey, at Broadway and Sixty-sixth street saw a car coming north at a terrific speed. He started up his motor cycle, chasing the speeding machine to Seventy-second street. Casey swears the car was running faster than forty miles an hour.

At Seventy-second street the car slowed down, and Casey rode alongside to place the chauffeur under arrest. With a quick twist of the steering wheel the chauffeur endeavored to throw Casey from his wheel by forcing him against the curb. Casey was thrown all right, but got his man. At the station-house the prisoner was recognized as Staples, a second offender, and the next day in Harlem Police Court Magistrate Barlow sent him to the workhouse for five days on the assault charge, and remanded him to Special Sessions on the charge of speeding.

Casey is trying to get an indictment against Staples on a charge of felonious assault because of the recent prevalence of a practice among chauffeurs of running their cars into policemen on bicycles and motor cycles and disabling them.

PERRIN GLOVES

The Retail Business of V. Perrin & Co.
has been sold to

James McCreery & Co.

Perrin Gloves can be purchased at either the 23d Street or 34th Street Store.

They will also be on sale at the

O'NEILL-ADAMS & Co.

6th Ave., 20th to 22nd Street.

Glove bonds will be redeemed by James McCreery & Co.

V. Perrin & Co.

BLIND STUDENT AT CORNELL SAYS "WAIT FOR FINISH"

Brooklyn Boy Admitted to
University Doesn't Want
Career Watched.

"If any of my friends asks where I am, don't tell I have gone to college. Wait until I get through."

William Everett Moore, a Brooklyn boy, who has been totally blind since he was fifteen months old, thus modestly implored his mother when she left him in Ithaca, where he began his first year's course at Cornell University to-day.

"I want to make good," he added, "then will be time enough to crow. Let all my friends think I have gone away somewhere to accept a position."

Moore, who is twenty-two years old, was graduated from the New York Institute for the Blind last year, and at the time it was said by his instructors that he was one of the brightest boys that had ever attended that school.

Mrs. Moore returned from Ithaca beaming with smiles because of the recognition that had been accorded to her son by President Schurman and the members of the faculty of Cornell. She is very proud of "my boy," as she refers to him, and while she says it is going to be very lonely and quiet about her Brooklyn home now that he has gone, she feels that a college course will be of great benefit to her son.

"For a time he thought of studying osteopathy, but now I believe he is thinking of taking up law when he graduates from Cornell," said Mrs. Moore to an Evening World reporter. "I don't know how we are going to get along without him at home, because he was the life of the house. Why, even Spot, his fox terrier, misses him and whines nearly all the time."

The Moores live at No. 241 Monroe street, Brooklyn. Edward E. Moore, the head of the household, is in the dry-goods business.

Although he has never seen baseball or football, young Moore understands the rules of the games perfectly. He is as much of a "fan," his mother says, as the second son, Edward Jr., "who just can't keep a way from the Polo Grounds when there's anything on."

"While I was in Ithaca," said Mrs. Moore, "I had to buy all of the latest extras of the papers for Will because of his interest in the fight for the pennant. He is a great admirer of the champion, and he would like to be able to attend the games and help the rooting."

There is something bothering young Moore more than baseball and football.

"I wanted to vote for Taft," he told his mother, "but I'm from home. I want to vote for a chance. Moore is rooming with Charles Wilson, another Brooklyn boy, who is going to act as reader for the blind."

Wilson, although only seventeen years old, won a scholarship from the Boys High School in Brooklyn.

"He says he will be able to get around the university grounds a short while as well as he can about our home," continued Mrs. Moore.

One of young Moore's best friends is a blind boy, Walter Hicks, twenty-three years old, of No. 272 Halsey street, Brooklyn, who ran a bicycle into a wall, which killed him last year and lost his sight. Moore had the measles when he was a baby and has since been blind.

"He doesn't seem to mind it much," his mother said, "and, indeed, if you could have seen him at the time in Ithaca you would not have thought him blind. He takes much interest in theatricals and often says that if it were not that he is blind he would like to be an actor. He plays the piano very well, and now that he is away it is going to be very quiet for us—very quiet."

**WOMAN WALKS INTO BAY
IN AN EFFORT TO DROWN.**

A young woman who said she was Ethel Knowles, twenty-seven years old, of No. 84 Sterling place, Brooklyn, attempted to end her life to-day by walking out into the bay from the foot of Fourth avenue, Fort Hamilton.

She had been pacing the shore for some time attracting the attention of William Van Pelt, who lives in the neighborhood, when she ran into the water he followed. She was in up to her waist when he caught her and dragged her back to shore. She was taken to the Fourth Avenue Station and thence to the Norwegian Hospital, a prisoner.

At the police station the young woman said she had lost her place of employment and that her friends had gone back on her, leaving nothing to live for she had decided to drown herself.

When the police went to the address the girl gave they found that she lived there with her brother, Percy H. Knowles, a well-to-do manufacturer of saltpeter. He was amazed to hear of his sister's attempt at suicide. He said that she had never worked in her life, and had nothing so far as he knew, to be dependent on. Recently she has been attending a business college, but she did this at her own request.

REGISTER TO-DAY!
If you don't register you can't vote!

Carnival Suit Sale

Tuesday Opportunity
2,500 Swell Suits, \$15
Positive \$25 & \$27.50 Values

Two models pictured are representatives of 18 other attractive styles
A Positive Bedell Triumph in Swell Tailored Suits
Broadcloths, Cheviots, Fancy Mixtures



These Suits, \$15

The Suits in each instance are beautifully satin lined, and exhibit those clever tailor touches that give Bedell garments their true charm and grace. Several new skirt models.

Dashing Directoire Models
Imperial Coat Suits Long Empire Effects
Smart Incredible Coat Suits

Remember, Alterations FREE
SALE AT ALL THREE STORES

Bedell
146 West 14th Street
NEW YORK
460 & 462 Fulton Street
BROOKLYN
645 to 651 Broad Street
NEWARK

Smoked Hams 12c

AT OUR SPECIAL DEPARTMENT

This Department is a continuous Bargain Sale. We kill and sell our own stock, and find that the demand for some cuts is much greater than for others. The cuts less in demand are placed on this counter at reduced prices. However, the same Webber Quality as for 35 years.

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY & THURSDAY

Smoked Hams—Sugar-cured by us from our own killing. Corn-fed stock, smoked over the hickory in the good old way—the quality and price are attractive. **12c**

Forequarters of Mutton—From prime stock, the Webber Quality—during the sale at..... **5c**

Shoulder Mutton Chops—From the same prime sheep—specially reduced to..... **10c**

Top Round Steaks—From choice corn-fed cattle of our own killing—at a price to attract..... **12c**

Fresh Tripe—From our own cattle—selling during these three days at..... **4c**

Poultry—Always on sale in this Department.

No Mail or Telephone Orders Sent from This Department
Not having the facilities in our Special Department for executing and billing orders, it is necessary to CALL in order to take advantage of these prices.

RICHARD WEBBER
120th St. and 3d Ave. Telephone 7100 Harlem

It makes little difference what you need
---a World "Want" will go and get it.